

The NATIVE VOICE

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE NATIVE BROTHERHOOD OF BRITISH COLUMBIA, INC.

VOL. II. No. 12

VANCOUVER, B.C., DECEMBER, 1948

PRICE 10 CENTS



BROTHERHOOD LEADERS — Front row, from left: Caleb Williams, vice-president, Central District; Ed Nahaney, business agent; William Scow, president; Oliver Adams, treasurer; William Pascal, vice-president, Pemberton and Lillooet District; Oscar D. Peters, vice-president, Fraser Valley and Thompson. Back row, from left:

Thomas Shewish, vice-president, Southwest Coast, Vancouver Island; William Mitchell, vice-president, Southern District; Moses Smith, vice-president, Northwest Coast, Vancouver Island; Ed N. Bolton, vice-president, Northern District.

Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year

The Executive of The Native Brotherhood of British Columbia joins with The Native Voice Publishing Co. in extending Best Wishes for a Merry Christmas to all its readers.

Greetings to all our friends across the border, with an accented note of welcome to THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS PAN AMERICAN INDIANS. This international body consists of many co-operating organizations which extend throughout the United States, Yucatan, Panama, Chile and Mexico.

The League will voice its opinions officially in The Native Voice on this, our Second Anniversary. We start our third year with heads held high and with bright hopes for the future!

THANK YOU

Chief William Scow, President of the Native Brotherhood, wishes to express the thanks and gratitude of the Brotherhood and Sisterhood to the Doctors and Nursing Staff of Coquitza Hospital, the people of Chilliwack and all who helped to rescue the Indian patients at the big fire and especially to the Bus driver and his passengers and to the little boy who said he had found a baby sister when he carried out a wee little patient. Thanks in which the staff of the Native Voice joins we humbly thank God in His great mercy for sparing the lives of the beloved ones of our Native people.

"This Co-operation"

PART I

Canada's Indians have known hard times. Some are still knowing them. It may seem sometimes that the struggle is hopeless. Economic conditions, plus the disadvantages of the Indian's position, appear to offer little opening. But this is only because the way out is not easy to see.

Government action can help but not solve the trouble. The first move must come from the Indians themselves; they must learn to handle their affairs and work together for a common good, and they are doing just that. It means education, common sense, facing facts, and the magic word "Co-operation"

Whether in the economic sense or in the larger field of social and racial problems, co-operation works. Everyone has heard of the co-operative movement. It just illustrates the wider principle. These articles will attempt to show how the co-operative movement functions. What some have done, others can do.

A "CO-OPERATIVE" is a group in which the members combine their powers in some way for everybody's good. In some co-operatives the members band together to sell fish or vegetables; in others, to buy food or supplies. In a "credit union" they pool their credit power by building up a central fund. There are many other kinds. A labor union, though not usually known by that name, is a co-operative; its members are pooling their bargaining power. "Union is strength."

There have been many attempts by groups to band together to im-

prove conditions. But the one which really started the modern co-operative movement was formed just over a century ago, during a depression. Twenty-eight weavers—twenty-seven men and one woman—met in the ground floor of a warehouse in the town of Rochdale, near Manchester, in England, one evening in 1843, to talk things over. Times were hard, and they could barely make a living. But they saw that those who owned the factories and the stores could make a living. Was this the way? They decided to try. It took money to own a factory, but perhaps they could own a store. They saved for a year, and in December, 1844, opened a grocery store with a capital of \$140.

THE IDEA GREW. The first year's business totalled \$3,500, and the profits were \$160, with 74 members. By 1861 there were 1850 members of their society, and that year's business was \$400,000.

These "Rochdale Pioneers" had discovered a principle. They had seen that business profits went to the owners. They were the owners. Profits were divided according to the amount of purchases made by each member during the year.

In ordinary business companies, a man's voting power depended on how many shares he held; a man with ten shares had ten votes, and the man with one share, one vote. But in the Rochdale Society it was different. Not "one share, one vote," but "one member, one vote." The important thing was not the money, but the individual.

Whether a business belongs to one person or to thousands—the profits belong to the owners. The business must be run on sound lines, setting aside money for expansion, salaries, and running expenses. What is over is profit. The principle is the same.

In the next article we shall tell how the seed grew.

(To Be Continued)

Season's Greetings

to the INDIAN PEOPLE from the

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Our Canada

I have just returned from a trip to Hazelton, my old home town. Each year as I go back I find less of the Indian mode of living—his art work, his home style replaced by modern homes. In these homes one can see chesterfields, silverware, pressure cookers and many more things which go with modern living.

As I went from house to house I found them clean and some very beautifully furnished. But there still is something missing. My friends there wish to know something more of the sisterhood rules, aims, home arts and community co-operation, etc. So let us all work together to make Canada a better place to live in. After all this is your Canada, my Canada, OUR Canada.

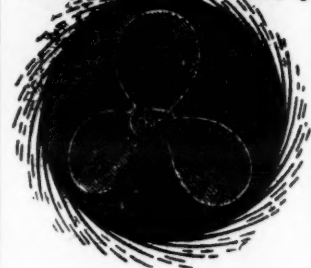
On going through the villages, I found many of the Indians very sad and low in spirit. They told me they had lost their good friends, Dr. and Mrs. Murphy.

As one old man said, "They dealt with us honestly, now they are gone and we do not know why."

Good work begun and not finish, as is so often the case.

Constance Cox.

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Greeting and Best Wishes

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from

UNITED FISHERMEN & ALLIED WORKERS' UNION

"In Unity Lies Strength"

The BAY extends

Cordial Wishes

for a

Very Merry Christmas

and a Happy and

Prosperous New Year



Hudson's Bay Company.

INCORPORATED 27 MAY 1870.

VISITORS

Captain and Mrs. Gordon Robertson and son Jimmy were visiting here and spent considerable time visiting the downtown area. Captain Robertson resides at Butedale, B.C., and arrived from there on the Canadian Fishing Co. Ltd. steamer "Elma M. No. 2," and returned to Butedale with another Canadian Company boat by the name of "Cape Ball." This boat will be used in the Central District herring operations.

Dr. Peter Buck III

We regretfully announce the serious illness of Dr. Peter Buck.

Dr. Buck plans to review the Maori articles which were run in the Native Voice. The review is forthcoming at a later date.

Though we do not know Dr. Buck personally, we already feel he is a friend, and hope for his early recovery.

Will Chippewas Have a Real Christmas Dinner?

Henry Stelfox of Rocky Mountain House, Alberta, in his unselfish undertaking to promote a fund for our non-treaty Chippewa people, has the staunch and concrete support of the Mennonite community from the vicinity of Acme and Swalwell. Mr. Stelfox is immediately interested in this fund to provide a brighter Christmas for these desperately needy families. But his interest goes into the future also, some kind of provision for these non-treaty Chippewas who do not own a reserve and of the Mennonite community he says "These same Mennonites appear to be a very kindly bunch of people. They have now bought an improved half section of land 21 miles north of Rocky on the west side of the river and are establishing a mission with Mr. A. Wilson and family in charge, specifically for the purpose of helping Indians, especially the non-treaty Chippewas. Mr. Wilson is a grand chap. He is building a few cabins on their farm so that Indians will have a comfortable place to stay overnight when coming and going from Rocky."

Do not some more fortunate British Columbians feel disposed to contribute even a little help? It all adds up. Mr. Stelfox' address is P.O. Box 271, Rocky Mountain House, Alberta.

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"THE NATIVE VOICE"

EDUCATION!!

Under date of December 3rd, in the Victoria Times, is an article regarding the "Okanagan Nativity," a play presented by the junior players group of Sir James Douglas school.

This play was of the story of the birth of Christ as it is told to Indian children of B.C. and in the play a carol was sung composed by Catholic missionaries more than 300 years ago and a favorite of many Indians.

Mrs. Gwen Downes, who spoke prior to the presentation, mentioned that a suggestion had been advanced that real Indian children play the parts. Unfortunately, according to Mrs. Downes, not enough Indian children in the Saanich schools could be found with enough command of English to take the parts.

What a sad commentary on our educational (?) system. Is it for this that we have forfeited our lands and fishing and hunting?

Compliments
of the Season!

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*Hereby Extend Best Wishes to The Native Voice
on Its Second Anniversary*

— AND —

*Merry Christmas and a Happy and Successful New Year
to All Members of the Native Brotherhood
and Their Friends*

JESOUS AHATONHIA

Indian words "Huron" by St. Jean de Brebeuf (c. 1643); translated (1936) by J. Edgar Middleton.

Estenniaon de tsonoue lesous
ahatonhia.

Twice in the moon of winter-time.
When all the birds had fled.
The mighty Gitché Manitou
Sent angel-choirs instead.
Before their light the stars grew
dim.
And wondrous hunters heard the
hymn:

Jesus your King is born. Jesus
is born.
In excelsis gloria.

Within a lodge of broken bark
The tender Babe was found.
A ragged robe of rabbit skin
Enwrapped his beauty round.
But as the hunter braves drew
nigh.
The angel-song rang loud and high:
Jesus your King is born. Jesus
is born.
In excelsis gloria.

The earliest moon of winter-time
Is not so round and fair
As was the ring of glory on
The helpless infant there.
The chiefs from far before Him
kneel:

With gifts of fox and beaver-pelt.
Jesus your King is born. Jesus
is born.
In excelsis gloria.

O children of the forest free,
O sons of Manitou.
The Holy Child of earth and heaven
Is born today for you.
Come, kneel before the radiant
Boy.

Who brings you beauty, peace, and
joy.
Jesus your King is born. Jesus
is born.
In excelsis gloria.
Hymn Book, Church of England,
No. 145.
First Canadian hymn written.

Bing Doesn't Know

By GEO. THOMSON

I have been asked by several people and have received several letters, asking what I thought about the remark . . . "It makes me squeemish when I think of Squamish" . . . which was made by Bing Crosby during his recent visit to Vancouver. My answer is:

I do not think that Bing Crosby made this remark with the intention of hurting anyone's feelings. But he has lived so long among foolish people who think crude remarks are smart; that he cannot fully understand the deep, sincere and beautiful meaning such as all Indian ceremonies have. Anyone that tries to understand would certainly never make such a remark.

I have had many slurs thrown at me because of the name "White Eagle" which the Ojibwa Indians gave me in 1897, but I understand its beautiful meaning. I appreciate the great honor they conferred on me, and have done my best to live as the Living Spirit wants me to live, in this land he gave the Indians for their heritage.

Bing Crosby forgets that he is just one person living among millions of other persons. He makes his living by uttering what he thinks are witty remarks about his fellows, which are not appreciated by sincere people but seem to please an ignorant public. If Bing Crosby ever came to Vancouver or any other place, unannounced and unknown, he would create no more attention than just an ordinary person.

Yes! You can make a fool of the public and think you are smart, but the day is drawing near when people will say with pride, "That person is an Indian, one of our respected natives." Instead of: "Just another damned Indian."

Yours for better days,

We Salute The Native Voice

on its Second Anniversary, and wish one and all a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

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We are pleased to compliment The Native Voice on its successful passing of its second year . . . and extend Hearty Wishes for a Brighter Future!

Compliments of the Season and
A Happy and Prosperous
New Year to All



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Extend their fraternal greetings to the native Canadians, the Indian people of British Columbia, and pledge our full support to them in their struggle for a better life.

E. E. LEARY, International Representative

CONGRATULATIONS TO . . .

THE NATIVE VOICE

on its Second Anniversary. Keep up the good work. And wishing my Indian customers of Alert Bay and the surrounding villages a Very Merry Christmas and a Prosperous and Happy New Year!

Alert Bay Beauty Parlour

ROSE ZAYAC—Prop.

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ADVERTISER IN THE

NATIVE VOICE

SEASON'S GREETINGS AND COMPLIMENTS

from

The Labor Statesman

Official Organ of the

Vancouver, New Westminster and District Trades & Labor Council

BEST OF LUCK . . . and

COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON

— to —

THE NATIVE VOICE and the BROTHERHOOD

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BROTHERHOOD NOTES

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Wilson of Kitamaat were visitors to the city of Vancouver and spent part of their time at the Brotherhood Office. A trip is planned by them to cross the Gulf and proceed to Alberni to visit their son who is attending school there.

James McKay, Vice-President of the Port Simpson branch of the Native Brotherhood was a visitor to the office while in Vancouver. Arriving in Vancouver with the Seiner "Ochwe," captained by Henry Brown of Kitkatla. Mr. McKay plans to return to his home by plane during the coming week. This will be his first experience on an airplane and should prove very exciting. He will be met by his daughter in Prince Rupert on arrival.

Mr. Solomon Brown of Kitkatla was a visitor to the office and paid his fee for 1948. Also accompanying him was his son Arnold Brown also of Kitkatla. Young Arnold is the boss of a Drag Seine crew and had a very successful season. Both are now full fledged members of the Native Brotherhood and are very enthusiastic as to its organizing abilities.

Belle Enockson and Winnie Peters were visitors to Vancouver after having spent a successful season at Namu Cannery. If sufficient work is available in Vancouver they plan to stay a while.

At the conclusion of fishing in the Northern District, Mr. Steve Morrison and his son Ray decided to take a vacation and visit various other districts.

First call was made at the Native Brotherhood office in Vancouver, and after a talk with the Business Agent, Mr. Morrison and son de-

parted for a trip to the interior of B.C., arriving at the town of Kaleden. This town is known as one of the famous fruit districts, and after spending a few days there decided to look for employment.

Application was made to the Kaleden Co-Op at that town and employment was secured. However, it might be mentioned that before commencing they were asked if they belonged to the Fruit Growers Union, and they said no, but we have 1948 cards from the Native Brotherhood of B.C. They were then informed that this Native Brotherhood card was all that was required and they immediately started work.

Mr. Steve Morrison and son wish to extend many thanks to the Manager of the Kaleden Co-Op for the wonderful treatment received while in their employ and sincerely hope to spend many more seasons there when in the interior.

The card from the Native Brotherhood proved a welcome pass whenever the opportunity arose. Many requests were asked of the Morrisons as to the purpose of the organization and wished more information could be made available. The Morrisons returned to Port Simpson well pleased with the vacation they had taken and wished the organization a lot of luck.

★ Season's Greetings to
Members of the Native
Brotherhood

from

**William R.
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Sore Subject Needs Discussion

In the community hall a meeting was held on the Kispiox Reserve, 18 miles north of Hazelton. The delegates of the Native Brotherhood, Ed Nahaney (Southern Business Agent), Vincent Wells (Northern Business Agent), and Ed Bolton (Northern District Vice-President), rode from New Hazelton to Kispiox by car driven by Alvin Weget.

Chief Walter Skultz, Brotherhood President of the Kispiox Branch, better known by his Indian name of "Chief Gweyeth," officiated as chairman. Present were Chief Ghail (Silas Johnston), Chief Hagea (Albert Johnston), Chief Dhalgum Wookk (Mark Johnston), Chief Wee-moo-gulsk (Jonathan Johnston), Chief Wee-ma-nosic (Jimmy Blackwater), Chief Mahl-tha-ha-at (John Crosby), Chief Gee-lha-gu-qu (Geoffrey Harris).

It might be mentioned that the women of Kispiox also carry the family Chieftain names. Chief Dhees-hao (Mrs. Mary Blackwater), Chief Ahla-nis-que (Mrs. Alice Williams), Chief Blahn-na-ahk (Mrs. Geoffrey Harris), Chief Baska-la-hoo (Mrs. Jack Tait).

The meeting was opened by announcement that Chief Walter Skultz had appointed Chief Silas Johnston to conduct business matters. Chief Johnston then welcomed the visitors, stressing the need for such meetings to take care of their many problems.

Addresses by Ed Nahaney and Vincent Wells were translated in the Native dialect by Ed Bolton regarding the purpose of the trip ordered by Chief William Scow, President of the Native Brotherhood of B.C.

TRAP LINES first came under fire. Chief Silas Johnston raised the question regarding license and registration and the many misunderstandings caused by the new rulings and trap line regulations. Since these old trap lines had been on hereditary basis, those interested are of the opinion the surveying of new lines is causing hardships. The new lines differ in many instances, often with the result of trespassing accusations.

White trappers do not have the same regard for animals as the Indian. A white used an airplane and invited one of our boys to share the expense of the trip. He explained many more traps could be borne in and "loot" taken out. His invitation was refused. The profit by this modern method was over \$10,000 to the trapper.

The next year, encouraged by the profit of the year before, more devastating equipment was flown in and the animals again slaughtered; but Mother Nature had not produced enough fur animals to make this trip so lucky. Result, trapper went into the hole, and no more such trips were made. However, this trapper is not discouraged, there are other Native traplines that can be had by the twisting of the "law."

HEREDITARY TRIBAL laws do not allow Native people to exterminate their means of livelihood.

The Native people are always ready to co-operate in conservation and pray that more assistance be given to policing of traplines and means of extermination quelled.

The powers assume that because Natives do not trap their lines every year this is contrary to trapping regulations. However, our people feel that when animals are on the decline, these lines should be allowed to rest.

The visiting delegates of the Native Brotherhood promised, and did, take the matter up with the proper authorities.

CONGRATULATIONS TO—

THE NATIVE VOICE

on its SECOND ANNIVERSARY

The CCF welcomes the growth of the Native Brotherhood, and congratulates The Native Voice in its work on behalf of the Indian people.

Read CCF NEWS — 10 Mos., \$2.00 — 15 Mos., \$3.00
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Cheers for The Native Voice on its
Successful Passing of the Second Milestone

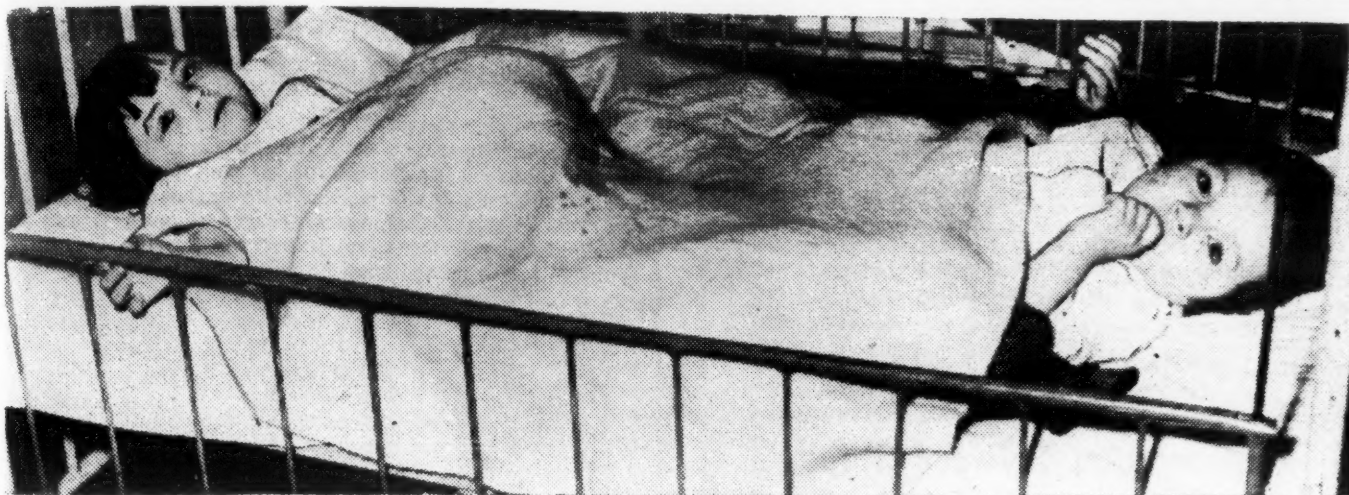


May One and All have a
Bright and Joyous Christmas
and a Happy and Prosperous
New Year!



STRADIOTTI BROS

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—Courtesy Vancouver Sun

The lack of panic amongst even tiny patients like these two little girls, and the heroic alertness of nurses, doctors and the entire staff, enabled the successful evacuation of all patients inside 20 minutes at the Coqualeetza fire, November 19, 1948.

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Tragic Fire Razes Coqualeetza Hospital

The 162 patients formerly hospitalized at Coqualeetza are now scattered in all parts of B.C. You are somehow struck by the efficiency after such a routine-shattering event as a hospital fire.

Within a few days all patients had travelled to a new home. It seems as far as possible, each one was sent to a hospital nearest his own hometown.

Urgent cases were absorbed into the Chilliwack Hospital, three miles distant. Other destinations were Edmonton, Vancouver, Bella Bella, Mission, Prince Rupert and Nanaimo.

Immediate shelter was hastily organized in Carmen Church and the Community Hall just across the road from the burned hospital.

The calm and quick reorganization of nurses and doctors was nothing short of heroism. They saw their last patient transferred one week after the fire to a week of make-do shelter. Their eyes drooped with utter weariness, and yet they regretted to see their patients and friends leave.

Cause of the fire appeared to be some defect in the installation of new wiring. However some of the fire fighters claim the lack of water pressure on the third floor allowed the small start to gain a hold until the fire broke into a blaze completely out of control. The blaze shot straight upwards because of the brick walls. The building was evaluated at \$500,000. However only one wing was completely gutted inside.

100 volunteers swarmed to the hospital from the army camp within a matter of minutes and citizens of the surrounding area jumped to help.

Bus driver Eric Atkinson coolly informed his passengers "This is as far as we go," and they all helped for one hour and a half.

Occupational therapy played an important and pleasant part in the routine lives of T.B. patients. Their

craft had developed to an absorbing and encouraging peak of attainment and many men, women and children pocketed a neat little income which furnished pleasant extras. \$1,300 worth of craft was lost in the fire—\$700 worth of beads included. The beads at this time are almost, if not, irreplaceable.

Repair work on the building started almost immediately and only a few days later the middle section boasted a new roof. The left wing is being repaired for occupancy as soon as possible.

Although the loss of such valuable craftwork was a sore blow, plans are now being mapped out to re-establish leather and other craft for patients.

The Chilliwack Red Cross furnished patients with new clothing for travelling, as all wardrobes were destroyed. Also neighbors of the district gladly gave warm coats, stockings, dresses, etc.

The Indian people of B.C. greatly appreciate the courage of the nurses, doctors and staff; the help of neighbors, and their generosity; and the generosity of the Chilliwack Red Cross. Never forgetting the Army and Bus Driver and Passengers. Many hearts were anxious during these uncertain moments before the radio announcement was made that all patients were safe.

Complimenting The Native
Voice on its Second Anniversary,
and Best Wishes
for Continued Success!



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Encouraging Forward Steps

The Department of Indian Affairs made a forward step by the decision to employ Assistant Indian Agents. We understand a few of our Native veterans have made applications, as preference in appointment will be given to Indians possessing the desired qualifications.

But remark the duties of these new appointees, they are as follows: Under supervision, to assist in supervising and instructing the Indian population of various Indian Reserves, in the practise of commercial fishing, agriculture (including irrigated farming), stock-raising, hunting and trapping, logging and saw-milling, Indian handicraft and general labor employment; to supervise and direct the Indian population in the operation, care and repair of mechanical equipment; to assist in the enforcement of law and order on Indian Reserves; to assist relief supplies or of rations to Indian families; to supervise and assist Indians in conducting their business affairs, including the marketing of Indian Reserve products; to visit Indian homes and promote the improvement of health and general living conditions on Indian Reserves; to assist in promoting and encouraging the education of Indian children, including the maintenance of school attendance; to attend cases of illness among Indians and to arrange for medical care when necessary; to settle or assist in the settlement of disputes among Indians and to act as Counsellor to the Indian population; to supervise the construction and maintenance of roads, buildings, irrigation systems and other improvements; to deal with correspondence, maintain records, prepare reports and recommendations; and to perform other related duties as required.

Qualifications necessary are: Elementary school education; recent experience in and a good practical knowledge of, or formal training in agriculture, stock-raising, commercial fishing, forestry, etc., as applicable; adequate knowledge of office procedure; satisfactory general business experience; preferably knowledge of Indian Act, Indian customs and psychology.

There are 17 Indian Agencies in British Columbia, and the Agent for each one of these divisions will now have an assistant, except the Queen Charlotte Agency. The maintenance of records and correspondence takes a large share of one man's time, so co-operation should play a sustaining part.

At the last sitting, the Joint Committee recommended the Government consider the desirability of placing on the agenda of the next Dominion-Provincial Conference, for consideration by the Province, among others, the following matters:

- (a) Education;
- (b) Health and Social Services;
- (c) Fur Conservation and Development and Indian Trapping;
- (d) Provincial Fish and Game Laws;

As wards of the Dominion Government, Indians have never benefitted by these things which come under the jurisdiction of the Provincial Government. Should these matters fall under the provincial legislative powers as far as Indians are concerned, then much of the load will be taken off the shoulders of the Indian Agent and his assistant.

The three outstanding problems left with which the Indian Agent is not in a position to deal efficiently are:

1. Greater academic and vocational education.
2. General overall improvement of reserves, roads, homes, school buildings, etc.
3. The encouragement of handicrafts and a co-ordinating plan for their marketing.

Great improvements have been instituted to promote the health standard of our people. The education question has

The Native Voice Is Yours

Any person who has ever done anything to direct the general stirring of our Indian people in the right way will feel gratified at the firm steps forward of the whole movement.

It has sometimes required bitter recriminations at first, then reasoning and discussions to find a common meeting ground. The first slow steps were often faltering as the whole Indian question is so big it often overshadowed understanding, coupled with a natural resentment at the status the Indian found himself placed for so many years in a democratic country, the country of which he was the first citizen.

Many of these conditions have been rectified and will be rectified, but there is still much to be done. Our part in this scheme cannot always be accomplished by the giving or spending of money, or even with hard work. It takes something else something not so hard really; an interest in your own affairs and others, discussions, the realization that you play a part, you are necessary to bring about the final success of a brighter day for our children.

It is the duty of each and everyone who has spare time, who has ability, who is an Indian—to use his time and ability. If you lag, then the whole movement is retarded.

The voice of the Native is growing, but it requires stimulation from every corner for healthy growth.

Many of our people feel they are not "qualified" to write for The Native Voice. The delightful thing about this publication is that it is different, it doesn't matter how you say something, it matters only that you say something. One of the most heart-warming and eloquent letters was not written in perfect English, yet it is beautiful. To quote:

"I wish to mention our struggle for the last couple of years over our hunting ground of the Kitwano District. But first of all I will give you full understanding. I am 25 years of age; Mother Louise Dilzqu, her age is 70 years; Grandad William Turley is 116 years old, his ration is \$8.00 a month . . ."

"In the first history, our head great fathers' and mothers' home was Kitwano. But the latter of us when married, live in Kitwanga, Crossing, Cedarvale . . ."

"We have been having meetings, but I have no education to speak this case for my people."

This man was so concerned for his people, he wrote though he professes to have no education. But he had sincerity and interest!

Later this particular matter was discussed at a Brotherhood meeting in which the Game Warden and Indian Agent were invited, and the situation was clarified. Our people when thanking the game warden expressed their gratification and the game warden himself was pleased as punch that he was able to be of more help after he understood.

That exactly is what The Native Voice is for. The Native Voice is yours.

been eased by building Day Schools on some reserves and practically every existing Indian school has now been staffed. This has not been the case for quite a number of years because of the shortage of teachers.

However, the education problem is still urgent, very much so. The only reasonable answer is the spending of large sums of money. This has to be voted by the Government.

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The Native Voice Gathers Force and Grows

**NOW OFFICIAL VOICE OF LEAGUE OF NATIONS PAN-AMERICAN INDIANS
(Councils in U.S.A., Mexico, Yucatan, Chile, etc.)**

Though negotiations are still incomplete at time of going to press, arrangements are under way for The Native Voice to be used as the official organ of The League of Nations Pan-American Indians, at the same time continuing to speak officially for The Native Brotherhood of British Columbia.

Howard Lyle La Hurreau, Chief Shup She of Fort Wayne, Indiana, has been the main negotiator, and gives a brief history of The League.

Dawn of a New Era

By CHIEF SHUP-SHE

The dawn of a new era for the red race of the Americas is now upon us. We have at last started up the trail to the Sun. We are leaving the Trail of Tears that started in the Fall Leaf Moon 1492 when the first European foot fell upon Indian soil. Our trails have led downward over broken treaties, wars and loss of tribal laws, lands, and organization. Many, many Council Fires went out to spirit land of the shadows never to be kindled anew. Old Medicine Lodges died because the last warrior was gone. A cloud came across our star.

Then in the early 1900's this trend stopped! Small organizations started up here and there, most of them run by or backed by some of our paleface friends. And like a seed-bud in a forest only the strong, well-rooted, could ever reach the top and see the sun once more.

Among those young seedlings was started in 1937 at Pawnee, Okla., inter-tribal council, the LEAGUE OF NATIONS OF NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS. At that time 10 National Chiefs for United States and Canada were elected as officers and a council of advisers from each tribe was invited to take part.

This group of Officers and Counsellors served very well with State Organizers and Leaders until, however, tribesmen from Mexico, Panama and South American Nations asked to affiliate with the North American League. Thus was born through a wider need and understanding of Indian needs on an international level, the LEAGUE OF NATIONS PAN-AMERICAN INDIANS. In the fall leaf moon, 1948, a revised Constitution was drawn up at the Council's request and adopted.

Article III, Sec. 2, International Council, states: This Council will be made up of 4 Chiefs from each country having National Councils. It will meet in the Nation of Panama if possible, whenever International Indian problems arise.

Article I, Sec. 3. The Aims of this League shall be:

1. To combine and unite all Indians into one organization.
2. To co-operate with National Governments for the welfare of each and every Indian.
3. To hold all lands now owned, also all lands that may be acquired.
4. To protect our people from

exploitation.

5. To perpetuate and preserve our posterity as sovereign peoples.

6. To educate our various tribes to their co-responsibility to one another.

7. To draw from great cultures of our past the human values we so need today.

Article I of the By-laws: Rules of order shall be in accordance with rules of the Ancient Lodges.

The League of Nations Pan-American Indians is now affiliated with other like organizations in the various States and Provinces and in Mexico, Panama and South America. It leads and aids any good cause for the betterment of our race. It urges good legislation in various capitals and fights in the courts laws and Acts that will hurt the American Indian or his children and heirs.

Today we must stand and fight as never before for our children's rights that they, the new, must not suffer as we of the older have had to do.

The League has sent relief to the needy, urged new roads, new homes and a better educational program.

Officers for the League of Nations Pan-American Indians are: Master of Ceremonies, Dan Nemesis Yin (Maya Prince), Numero 225 Ticul, Yucatan, Mexico.

League Secretary for Republic of Panama, Don Ruben Percy Kantule, San Blas, Panama.

League Secretary for the Dominion of Canada, Prof. John Laurie, 625 Fourth Avenue, Calgary, Alberta.

Universal Sign Language Committee: Chairman, Howard L. La Hurreau, 3108 Woodrow Ave., Ft. Wayne 3, Indiana, U.S.

League High Priest, Chief Rising

Please, Uncle Sam

I'm a Navajo. My people owned this land before you came, With mighty ships and weapons from afar.

We raise sheep and card their fleeces, but our land is all worn out,

And we can't have more because you say it's yours!

You say Kit Carson beat us, so in eighteen-sixty-eight,

You "settled" us—on this our Native Land!

Then we "settled" down to farming, weaving blankets, singing songs,

Beating silver into patterns as of old;

Our ten thousand grew to sixty and our sheep increased as well,

But we cannot get another foot of land.

In nineteen-thirty-three you killed a great part of our stock;

Paid for them and stayed erosion for a spell.

But destroying stock won't help us, we want land and homes and schools;

We fought for you—why can't you fight for us?

Our children die of colic, diarrhoea and your T.B.,

Thus reducing us—as you reduced our stock.

We are losing heart for singing; we are listless, tired and sick, We lack training, tools and metal for our craft.

We can't simply sit and whittle—or make patterns in the dust.

Won't you please do something, quickly, while there's time?

KATHLEEN CASLER.

Sun, 307 W. Grace St., Richmond 20, Va., U.S.A.

National Legal and Legislative Council: Chairman, Thomas Hawk (Gros Ventre), U.S.; Secretary, Frank Tom-Uee-Saw Parsons, Kansas, U.S.

National Organization Council: Chairman, Lawrence Two Axe, Oakland, Calif., U.S.; Secretary, Albert Ed. Thompson, Dallas, Manitoba.

American Indian Dramatic Agency: Chairman, Art Wakalu, Irving, N.Y., U.S.

Personal Greetings



CHIEF SHUP SHE

My heartiest Greetings at this time to the people of Canada from our people across the border—not only Seasonal Greetings, but best wishes and hopes for unity in our efforts for greater opportunity.

The many branches of our Indian tree, speaking as one solid body can do much more for all our people.

John Laurie of The Indian Association of Alberta has done a wonderful job and they are only one of many branches, yet we are still far apart and what we really need is a large International Pow-Wow wherein all the various Indian organizations could come into Council and draw up a plan of common action agreeable to all.

Co-operation is many sided. We could try to find the basic need and the popular opinion of all our leaders.

No one asks all to believe his way of thinking, but to THINK.

No one can hide the beauty of it, for a new era is coming.

The League of Nations of Pan-American Indians is no little group for we have Councils in Yucatan, Panama, Chile, U.S.A. and Mexico.

We unite to voice one sentiment at this time—GREETINGS!

First Vote

On November 3rd the Indians of New Mexico had their first experience at the voting polls. They voted for the first time in history, with the honor of the first ballot going to Ray Paytlamo, an Acoma Indian of Gallup.

At Tohatchi, north of Gallup, the only voting district on the huge Navajo reservation in McKinley County, some 80 out of 363 men registered and had voted by noon.

These Are My Flaming Arrows

Light — Understanding — Truth — Brotherhood

Note: Beginning with this issue of The Native Voice, a series of selected excerpts will be offered, from time to time, under the above title. These are to be reprinted from "Fourteen Strings of White and Purple Wampum," by the kind permission of Mr. Ray Fadden, Akwesasne Mohawk Counsellor, St. Regis Mohawk Reservation, Hogsburg, New York.

By BIG WHITE OWL

"A century before Columbus' grandfather was born there were wise men in America who knew that the world was not flat—that it was a sphere spinning in space, round and round each year, just as it had spun during the years before.

"The New World's oldest astronomical observatory is in the ruined city of Chichen Itza, Yucatan. They could predict the solar rising and setting of Venus; their knowledge of the movements of the planets excelled that of the ancient Egyptians and Babylonians. They had devised all the essentials of modern arithmetic 2,000 years before modern man began using it. The Mayans were a great agricultural people, too. Their calendar, their system of keeping count of time, was more accurate than any known in Europe, Africa or Asia. The Mayans had a calendar that was, indeed, far more perfect than our own time chart handed down to us by Europeans. Here, while other people across the seas were still bathed in medieval darkness, bowing down in abject fear during the eclipses of the sun and moon, AMERICANS knew the exact moment when eclipses of sun and moon would arrive and feared nothing. For they had been accounting for time and astronomical data for over 3,000 years! Here students and wise men had been accumulating vast treasure of knowledge which, if the Spaniards hadn't pillaged, wrecked and burned, would have added golden volumes of knowledge and given us a great perspective of the things which took place on this hemisphere before the coming of Montezuma and his armed horsemen. Don't let anyone tell you that, because you were born in America, you are of a land without a great historical background!" — America's Oldest Observatory, by William LaVarre (1937).

"The Maya Indians knew enough of mathematics and astronomy to invent the zero (no one but a mathematician will understand how significant that discovery is) and to make corrections for the fraction of a day in the year to adjust their calendars." — Indians of the U.S., by Wissler, p. 214.

"Do not believe that the Julian Calendar used in the Old World was the first calendar; nor, as some believe, was the Gregorian. Dr. Spinden has found that the first calendar for measuring time in days, months, and years, was the Maya Calendar in use 1,000 years before the Old World began to count time in such ways. Dr. Spin-

den exhibits a calendar he unearthed bearing the date of August 6, 613, B.C. . . . Dr. Tozzer has unearthed proof, and exhibits it with much unpardonable pride in our American History, that the Mayas and Incas could multiply and divide centuries before the European races. . . . Gregory Mason, in his great tome 'Columbus Came Late,' cites the figures of mathematicians who have endeavored to show that the Creation of the Earth was in the year 4004 B.C. But Mason then presents the findings of the great American explorer, John L. Stephens, conclusively proving the existence of great civilization in Peru and Mexico at least 1,200 years prior to the year 4004 B.C. And Stephens, also, explodes another popular fallacy in definitely establishing that the first man was an American, not an Asiatic. Naturally such statements will start a controversy, as Stephen's statement did, but if their findings are discarded then all the work of archeologists, mathematicians, and other scientists and searchers-for-truth, who went before him and prepared the foundations which Stephens followed, must be wrong. The term 'Indian' is a fallacy as a name for the First Americans, called Indians by Columbus because he thought he had reached India. And the greatest error in the fallacy is the picturization of a savage warrior holding the bloody scalp of the white man! . . . American civilization as evidenced by the Mayas, Incas, Toltecs, Aztecs, and Pueblos, has been proven by such eminent authorities as Dr. H. J. Spinden of the Brooklyn Museum, and Dr. A. M. Tozzer of Harvard, to have been far more advanced than the days of Socrates, or the later Da Vinci and Dantes. None of these people were savages, but were greater astronomers, scientists and mathematicians than most of the present day men in the same fields." — Famous American Myths (Exploding Some Outstanding Fallacies in American History) by Louise J. Simon.

"Ancient civilization flourished in Peru and Central America when Spain and England, in fact all of Europe was a wilderness and the white races were naked, cave-dwelling savages." — Burr Andrews.

"The South-western regions of North America present the most extensive field for antiquarian research. The long-continued existence of powerful, civilized, and populous races is fully proved by the occurrence of almost innumerable ruins and national relics. Even in the sixteenth century, the Spanish invaders found these regions in the possession of a highly prosperous, civilized people. Government and social institutions were upon that firm and well defined basis which betokened long continuance and strong national sentiment. In many of the arts and sciences, the subjugated races were equal, and

in others superior to their Christian conquerors. Their public edifices and internal improvements were on as high a scale, and of as scientific a character, as those of most European nations of the day. The fanatical zeal of Cortez and his successors destroyed invaluable records of their history and nationality; and many of their most splendid edifices fell before the ravages of war and bigotry; yet numerous structures still exist, though in ruins, attesting the art and industry of their founders. Pyramids, in great numbers, still rear their terraced and truncated surfaces through the land. In the city of Tezeuco, which is said to have contained a hundred and forty thousand houses, are the remains of a great pyramid, built of large masses of basalt, finely polished and curiously sculptured in hieroglyphics. Other similar edifices in the neighborhood are composed of brick. The enormous structure of Cholulu, covering a surface twice larger than the great Egyptian pyramid, still in its ruins, excites the admiration of travelers" . . . "The House of Flowers is a huge pyramid divided into four terraces. It is between three and four hundred feet in height, and nearly three miles in circumference. . . . Eight miles from the City of Mexico are the two celebrated pyramids of Teotihuacan, sacred, according to tradition, to the sun and the moon. The larger has a base nearly seven hundred feet in length, and is a hundred and eighty feet in height. They are faced with stone and covered with durable cement. These pyramidal structures may be estimated by thousands in the southwestern provinces of this continent." — American Antiquities, p. 50-51.

"Ruined cities, agricultural terraces, causeways, tombs, and other Mayan remains are scattered so plentiful over western Honduras, Guatemala, British Honduras, the States of Chiapas, Tabasco, Campeche, Yucatan and other southeastern parts of Mexico that one realizes that this area was once probably the most thickly settled region on the globe." — America's Buried Past, Gregory Mason, Saturday Evening Post, Jan. 19, 1929.

Thus does Verrill speak of the civilized Indian races of South and Central America, (Old Civilizations of the New World): "No other race in the world ever approached them in complexity, the extent and the beauty of their stone structures." . . . "They were thoroughly alive to the importance of good roads, and built a veritable network of highways linking their cities with outlying districts." . . . "About their holy cities, splendid roads radiated into

the country to enable pilgrims to visit the shrines and the temples with greater ease, and Chitzen Itza and other Mayan Meccas were connected by means of high roads with practically every town or centre in the Empire. The practical side of their nature is also proved by the heights they attained in scientific matters. As I have said, they developed and perfected an astounding written language; they devised a most excellent calendar; they invented an arithmetical system superior to that of any other race, and the astronomical and mathematical knowledge was extraordinary. Towers with narrow slits served for their observatories, and by means of these, and by the use of gigantic sun-dial-like arrangements of great stone monoliths geometrically placed, and by what must have been most complex mathematical problems, they were able to calculate the movements of the heavenly bodies, to foretell eclipses, to compute the phases of the moon, the declination of the sun, the time of the solstices, and in fact every astronomical event of any importance or consequence. They also possessed an intimate knowledge of physics and of geometrical laws and theories, and they were marvelously skilled craftsmen." . . . "In addition to all of these attainments, the Mayas had developed many purely industrial arts. They wove beautiful textiles, they possessed wonderful dyes, they made pottery of the highest quality. They were expert metal workers, they made paints and pigments of every color that were so enduring and fast that they withstood the elements, the wear and tear of countless centuries, and are still as bright and fresh as the day they were laid on." . . . "I feel certain that these people knew and used steel, or at least hardened iron—possibly meteoric iron. In fact, I cannot understand how it could have been possible for them not to have discovered iron. These races smelted and worked copper, gold, silver and even platinum." — (Pages 71, 135, 140, 141.)

I Have Spoken!

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NAVAHO NEWS LETTER

Gallup, New Mexico,
October 2, 1948.

From Mrs. John J. Kirk
To All Friend of the Navahos.

LONG RANGE PROGRAM

Congress failed to take action on the bill which would have authorized an overall ten year program of Navaho rehabilitation, for schools, health, roads, water development, employment opportunities, etc. It will be necessary for friends of this tribe to continue to urge this legislation. The Congress did appropriate half a million dollars for relief funds for Navahos and Hopis, plus money for an employment service to place Navaho workmen in off-reservation employment, which has been a huge success.

RELIEF

Compared to last year, the Navahos are well off. There is not the need for private charity that existed last year. At present, about 12,500 Navahos are employed off the reservation, mostly in migrant farming and on railroads. It is reported by placement officials that most of these Indians can be moved from one seasonal job to the next, to provide almost continuous employment through the winter, excepting for the month of February. I understand there are many, many more jobs available and a concentrated drive is being made to get still more Indians to go out to work. Pay averages at least \$8 a day; living conditions for the most part are reported to be acceptable and the Indians are doing excellently with the work. Supt. Stewart reports that more money is being sent back to the home folks than ever before.

In addition to this employment income, there is a huge crop of pinon nuts, which always bring temporary prosperity to the nut gatherers, and lamb prices are high. The relief money at the rate of about 40,000 a month is going a long way to relieve the needs of blind, crippled, aged and other dependent persons.

We cannot relax our efforts to obtain permanent rehabilitation, however, because the betterment of the tribe this Winter is due largely to high employment and any decline in job opportunities will bring immediate distress to many Indians.

TYPE OF SCHOOLS

Gallup public schools report several hundred more Navaho children in attendance than ever before, and the teachers say that these children are coming to school in a nice, clean condition, full of zest to learn. Few of the beginners speak any English, but the public school teachers are unable to do anything about it, and simply ignore the children's lack of language. The results are most interesting. Teachers report that within a few weeks the Navaho children are using a great many English words, and within two or three months they have picked up enough English from the other children to do adequate class work. They are able to keep up with the other children right down the line, and last year some of these Navaho youngsters, with such a slow start, actually made two grades in one year.

HEALTH

Shortage of doctors and nurses is making it well nigh impossible to provide adequate health services on the Navaho, although sufficient funds are available. Thirty-

five beds at Ft. Defiance are closed for lack of nurses. Higher wages to doctors and nurses are the first essential in correcting this dire situation. A committee from the American Medical Association has been out here investigating medical needs. Among other things they say there is need immediately for 800 T.B. beds on the Navaho. We are all looking forward to their formal report and recommendations.

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Cloud-Over-The-Sea

"By Their Works Shall They Be Known."

By MAGNUS COLVIN

A faint gleam of light from the east drifted through the blackness of the hour before dawn. Cloud-over-the-Sea was not aware of it, his body was yet asleep and his spirit journeying in that mystic land where all spirits journey during the blackness of night and things. The small "Chick-a-dees" saw the light, being smaller, their spirits can return more quickly. They had learned in their sojourn that the Great Spirit was pleased. The day would be fair—the sort of day when the Spirit of Light rejoiced. It was their duty, having so been appointed by the Great Spirit, to announce to all the birth of a new day. Their songs indicated a fine day for on dull days their songs were not cheerful. The Great Spirit had so appointed—in his infinite wisdom—has He not? — the small, the lowly, as a watch over the great: as the great are not capable of recognizing their own smallness.

The Chick-a-dee chirped, the willow grouse drummed, the loon awoke others with his laughter, and the spirit of Cloud-over-the-Sea returned to his body from its journey in the mystic land of sleep. Cloud-over-the-Sea dreamily awakened, heard of the birds in the morning light and knew from their laughter and song the day would be fair.

THE SOMBRE fir trees and cedar stood sentinel even to the water's edge. Cloud-over-the-Sea, fully awake arose from his bed of rushes and discarded his otter-skin robe, bathed in the waters near his wigwam, now stood facing the gathering light with his arms apart in adoration and communion with the Great Spirit—the Creator of all things. It was the beginning of a new day, between darkness and light. Cloud-over-the-Sea was in the youth of age—that time in man when everything is of the best. His world was at peace and he had had a mighty dream. He would build a vessel. It would be large. It would venture far out on the sea. It would be larger than those of the village and of new design. As a small boy with his grand sire, he had wandered in the forest and had been taught the use of these stone tools used in working wood. And the cunning of woodcraft, how to listen at the trunk of the cedar to hear the whispering of the spirit that is of the tree. One could tell by the whispering whether the thoughts were good or evil, and if there was rottenness in the heart of the tree. There is much in common in the nature of trees and man.

The cedar tree is felled, but consider my Brethren the amount of labor necessary to fell the tree, to cut off the length of trunk to place on skids and to block out the intended vessel. Consider the amount of labor by means of stone implements, only infinite patience, perseverance and intelligent thought could accomplish the result.

Cloud-over-the-Sea arrived at the scene of his labors. There in the misty morning light was his vessel, not yet completed—blocked out, roughed out, hollowed out, but yet requiring thousands of strokes of the stone adze; days of grinding, polishing, and scraping. Viewing his work and considering it good in lightness of heart and

fullness of soul he broke into song of praise of joy and entreaty to the Great Spirit, omnipotent and invisible, and to the Great Thunderbird with the Chacalot in his talons, representing the Air, the Sea, the Land. The mystic three composing the earth. Are not all things of the Great Spirit of Him, from Him and to Him and glorify Him. Lift thy voice in song! He began his morning work deliberately and with cunning craftsmanship. This was no task to be hurried. For weeks he had worked, mostly alone. Thoughts must not be disturbed. It was better to work alone, to rise and proceed calmly to work. Such was the way.

"Eat not before working, my son," said Grandsire. "A clear mind requires an empty stomach." Thus he had labored from the mists of the morning until the god of light had settled in the western waters. Thus had this vessel grown under his hand. Thus by inspirations and thoughts given by the Great Spirit and Creator.

THE STRENGTH of the Chacalot, the speed of the salmon, the grace of the sea gull embodied in the handicraft of man. In his hand a stone axe—in his mind God's grace. The vessel is finished.

Fires burned, heating stones. The vessel was filled with water, the stones boiled the water; the hot water rendered the wood pliable. The final shaping. Outside the hull was oiled, pitchwood torches boiled the oil into the wood and the soot from the pitch painted the vessel black. It was rubbed in thoroughly. Then the vessel was finished. A feast. Always a feast at a launching. Sup Oolallie, berries, shellfish, salmon, kul kul, bulbs and roots from the hills. Food from the land, sea and air. There never had been before such a feast, for such a launching, of such a vessel. The old men shook their heads "han nch! han nch!" "This vessel is narrow here." "It is wide there." "It is long all over. Never before was a vessel like it." "Is it good or evil? Will it float? Alas! Alas! I know not!"

Only the young men would venture, only the enterprising. She swims like a duck, she is swift like the salmon, she is strong like a Chacalot. Proudly sat "Cloud-over-the-Sea" in the stern of his vessel. She steered easily, quick to the turn of the paddle. Down the Inlet, out past the skerries, out on the face of the Great Western Waters. Out on the mighty ocean with its great waves the vessel bowed and rose. Arose to the cresting waves and dipped into the hollows.

As Cloud-over-the-Sea saw his canoe at the crest of a mighty roller with the white clouds before him, a vision appeared of a great craft and white sails, large as clouds. Though his lips spoke not, a song entered his heart. Quiet settled over Nootka and the birth of a new idea.

CAPTAIN JONATHAN stood on the poop deck of his schooner.

She was running before the southwest breeze, her bluff bows sending spray and foam aft from each fresh encounter with the heavy seas. It was a long haul from New York around the Horn to the far western shores. His vessel, bluff of bows and round of bottom had made poor headway in the "rolling forties" in those stormy southern latitudes and beating around "Cape Stiff."

"I callate," said the skipper, "if it weren't for the profit in skins I'd never round that triatical shaped Cape Horn again."

The skins! The sea otter skins were used by the Nootkas for sleeping robes and dress. The natives of the west coast of Vancouver Island had developed a superior type of sea craft which enabled them to voyage miles out on the Pacific in search of seal, sea otter, and even "Chacalot." If you wish you may journey out the Straits of Juan de Fuca and up the coast of Vancouver Island and see for yourself. It would need to be a superior type of sea craft, knowingly constructed and manned by intrepid seamen, cunning of their craft, that would venture forth on such a sea. It was on this sea that Captain Johnathan and his schooner had journeyed, running before the wind as fast as the bluff bows would let them. These bows did not rise well to the oncoming waves but hammered every roller as a pile driver. It was thus they had literally hammered their way from New York.

The lookout called from aloft: "Sail ho!" "Two points off starboard." Later he called again: "Strange craft off starboard bow."

It was not long until the craft was visible to those on the deck of the schooner and the two vessels were abreast. A large canoe, manned by Nootkas, out hunting seal and other denizens of the deep.

"How in tarnation can those natives venture so far asea in such a small craft and in such a stiff breeze?" queried the skipper.

"Their vessel rides the seas well, sir," said a youth of twenty. "You

will notice how she lifts her bows to the seas and she's as dry as tinder."

"AYE AND THAT crew of men can handle her too! We must be close to this Nootka Sound we be heading for. As I reckon we should open the entrance to the Inlet in an hour or so. Then we can begin trading. Aint earned nary a red cent since we left New York."

Trading had been going on briskly. The Nootkas had marvelled at the magic of the paleface, the huge canoe, the tall masts, the sails that billowed like clouds. Surely these men had been granted special privileges by the Great Spirit. They were almost as gods. The Nootkas as, they marvelled, traded their valuable otter skin robes for a few glass beads; merely melted sand, or trade blankets, the roughest kind of wool and cotton and knives and axes of poor quality.

The skipper said the trading was about finished; in the morning fresh water and wood for the coming voyage would be loaded. The hold was crammed with valuable cargo. The profit would be enormous.

The young man approached the captain. "Sir," he said, "I would like to have one of those native vessels."

"What in tarnation fur. Aint no good to us as I can see. Couldn't row them and they'd be no good to sail. You'd need some natives to paddle it. They seem to do it well enough," was the answer.

The young man had come on this voyage for his health. He had been very clever in school but it seemed his health might fail and his father had been able to book a passage on this trading schooner. The young man intended to become a naval architect. He had benefited by the voyage outside of a little seasickness at first and the monotony of the fare at sea. And it gave him such an excellent opportunity to observe the actions of a ship in heavy seas and on various tacks.

A canoe paddled alongside the schooner. There were several young men with an elderly and dignified appearing native seated amidships.

"There's one now I should like to acquire," said our young man of the schooner. "I have been keeping a look out for a good one

THE ANGEL OF THE LORD SAID:

"Fear Not: I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all peoples. For unto you is born this day, in the City of David, a Saviour who is Christ the Lord."

SAINT LUKE, Chapter 2, Verses 10 and 11

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I reckon that one would suit
Wall ye might get her for a
ple of strings of beads and a
knife or two," said the cap-
t of the schooner.
WAS NOT so easy. The el-
native seemed willing enough
let the younger men do the
ing but he advised them. "Hold
my sons, for two of the cutting
lements also. I have seen the
face use them to cut tree
ks on the beach. They do not
de those implements, only an
rior kind. One of the pale-
workmen let me try his cut-
plement. It had magic and
of great sharpness. So hold
my sons, for the better imple-
nts."
The schooner sailed at the height
the flood tide, a hold full of
otter and seal furs, bound for
na. There the cargo would be
ed for tea, silk and such Chi-
e merchandise commanding
prices in Europe, London,
is and Hambourg. For a few
s beads and trinkets, worthless
sh, fortunes were being made.
On the deck of the trader, lash-
down against coming storms,
s a Nootka canoe.
Over a hundred years ago a
st Coast of America canoe was
great curiosity in New York, and
s the cause of much comment

by seafaring gentlemen. Our
young acquaintance, the passenger
on the trading schooner, was very
proud of his vessel. It was the
only one of its kind on the Atlantic
sea board. He arrived home great-
ly benefited by his trip, completed
his course in naval architecture
and had found employment at
Newport. Following closely in his
wake was his Nootka canoe. His
pleasure was his canoe.
One day, out of a clear sky, an
impulse came over him to step
masts in his vessel and rig her
with square sails as a miniature
deep sea vessel. She sailed mag-
nificently. A great desire came to
him to build a large ship after the
model of this canoe. Every ship-
yard turned him down. The older
shipbuilders "pooh poohed" the
idea.
"I'VE BUILT SHIPS, man and
boy, for fifty years and my father
before me. It will never do to de-
part from old and tried methods
and plans," one greybeard told
him.
The young man would have had
to give up for lack of support had
not a retired shipbuilder come to
his assistance. After much labor
and many trials and the scoffing of
the waterfront, a ship was finally
launched. A three-mast square
rigger, a huge Nootka canoe with
the exception of the counter stern,
full quarters for a following sea.

The first "Clipper Ship" was
launched and sailed to Liverpool
with her first cargo. There was
much shaking of heads along the
English waterfront. The Yankees
had invented something NEW.
"Look at those bows! She's too
narrow in the beam! She'll never
weather a storm!" Yet she com-
pleted a voyage in half the time
of the others.
Another milestone was reached
on the road to human progress.
The Clipper ship was born at a
time when the steam engine was
in the trial stage. Steamboats
were visionary. Millions of per-
sons in Europe were on the verge
of starvation and millions did die
of starvation at that time. Europe
was bankrupt. A great commerce
opened up and was carried by the
Clipper ships. Railroad engines,
railroad steel to America for grain,
Argentine yielded Indian corn,
hides and tallow. China for tea
and silks, spices from the Indies.
Europe's hunger had ended!
The Clipper ships were the pride
of the ocean.
IN THE EARLY morning light
the towboat had hauled in her
lines. The "Tartanmuir," four-
masted ship out of Glasgow, Scot-
land, answered to the first of the
swells from the Pacific. The crew
was aloft shaking out the sails. The
northeast breeze freshened and
soon the vessel was scudding along
under a full press of canvas.
She was a beautiful sight in the
early light of dawn. The captain
paced the quarter deck, it was his
first large vessel. He had sailed
in the Behring Sea. He had sailed
out of Puget Sound in his younger
days. Now with a cargo of grain
he was bound for Liverpool. Food
for Britain. It was war time, 1914.
He glanced aloft as the first rays
of the sun gleamed on the sails,
billowing out like white clouds. It
was a wonderful sight, it gladdened
the heart of the captain. The man
at the wheel was humming a song.
"Be strong oh paddle,
Be stout oh canoe,
Be brave oh heart,
On the deep ocean blue!"
The captain said to the sailor in
the Western dialect, "My mother
sang that song to me when I was
a boy in Nootka."
One would know that the Great
Spirit in His infinite wisdom had

placed a stone hatchet in the hand
of a Nootka Indian, an inspiration
in his mind, and a desire in his
soul. Let us not forget him, let
us not forget his kind, for who
knows when the day will arrive
when again humanity will benefit
from the inspiration of a West
Coast of North America Indian.
* Chacalot: the largest specie of
whale.
* * *
This is a fiction founded on
fact. A Nootka canoe WAS the
model of the Clipper ship. The
Clipper ship played an important
part in human progress. There
were several West Coast Indian
master mariners.
A Navajo Hope
The Navajo Indians, starving last
winter, may become among the
wealthiest in the world—if the In-
dian Bureau succeeds in collecting
full royalties for the uranium taken
from their tribal lands.
Last spring it was revealed that
the Vanadium Corporation was not
paying the Indians a royalty on the
valuable uranium they extracted,
but only on the less valuable vana-
dium.
Acting upon the facts disclosed,
the Indian Bureau set out to in-
vestigate, found most of the data
was hidden in the secret files of
the Atomic Energy Commission.
The Vanadium Corp. said it was
paid only a processing fee, got no
money for the uranium itself. How-
ever, the Indian Bureau has been
pressing for a report from the At-
omic Energy Commission to find out
how much uranium was taken from
the Navajo reservation, and the
outcome may be a suit against the
Vanadium Corp. brought by the
Indian Bureau on behalf of the
Navajos.—Los Angeles News.

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Make a Dolliwog



Dolliwogs, a book of easy-to-make Dolls, just the book you've been looking for!

Because of the popularity of Mary Sieburth's knitted and rag dolls, which have been published in the National Home Monthly from time to time, this magazine has published a booklet entitled DOLLIWOGS, to meet the readers' requests for back numbers. This reprint, containing instructions and full color reproductions on coated stock, is now available from the author at \$1.00 per copy plus 10 cents handling. The proceeds from the sale of the book are devoted to philanthropic work, and those accruing from the Native Voice readers will primarily be used for the aged Indians, to encourage their native handcraft in a tangible way.

Mary Sieburth has been working with and for the Native people for the past quarter of a century and has many valued friends among our people. During the war years she was Liaison for the Indian Spitfire Fund and put on many worthwhile affairs using Native talent, to swell the fund. As Director of the "Marys of Canada" Spitfire Fund, for British Columbia, she received many donations of Native handcraft from our "Native Marys" through friends, the

Marys of Ahousat being particularly generous in this respect.

Mary Sieburth's original designs are well known throughout the States and Great Britain as well as Canada. Her work has been exhibited at Madison Square Garden, New York, in the Women's International Exposition of Handicrafts. She is an honorary life member of the Canadian Handicrafts Guild and a council member of the advisory committee.

The Indian and Picaninny dolls are gaily clad from the scrap bag; a stocking is utilized for the doll itself with very little effort. The foot is stuffed to form the body, the toe makes an ideal head and the heel a perfect "situpon." The rest of the stocking leg is easily adapted to the doll's legs with hardly any cutting or sewing at all, the arms being made from the stocking top are the only addition to be made up and sewn in place.

The others are knitted and fascinatingly easy to make out of leftover wools. The bodies are stuffed with kapok or wool.

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New Book, "Indians Of Yesterday"

America had a cultural history of its own long before the coming of the white man. In this broad continent lived the many kinds of Indian people, influenced by the mountains, the plains, the forests, and the deserts, according to the parts of the country in which they dwelt.

The Indian Council Fire sponsors the publication of a new book—"Indians of Yesterday"—that tells many interesting facts about these early people. The cultural divisions are discussed not only as divisions but through historical sketches and fascinating folk-tales of one or more representative tribes of the region. In this book you can learn why some of the Indian people built wigwams while others used the tipi. Do you know why some Indians cut their hair short while others did not? Do you know why some built canoes and others had dugouts; who were the greatest travelers and who the greatest statesmen or the master engineers? It is all in this book for you to read. Mariow E. Gridley, who has devoted her life to the study of Indian lore and traditions is the author. The six full page four-color pictures and sepia marginal illustrations are by Lone Wolf, outstanding Blackfoot artist.

In "Indians of Today" by the same author, we brought you life sketches of Indian personalities who have achieved success in the various professions. In "Indian Legends of American Scenes" we brought you the legends of the scenic places of this country. In "Indians of Yesterday" we tell you about the early American civilizations in an intriguing and interesting manner.

The book is priced at \$2.00. We shall appreciate receiving your order directly through our office, as all orders so placed benefit the Council Fire.

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Legend of Hinemoa and Tutanekai

Part II

This story, one of the most popular in Maori folk lore, has been specially prepared in serial form
JOHN SINCLAIR.

WHEN CAME THE moonless night and she could wait no longer. The rows of canoes had been her every night and she had not even glance towards them. She had prepared six large gourds, and they would support her should she get cramp in the chill water. She went towards the little island, Tutanekai's music sounded in and quickened her resolve. She threw off her single garment, a cloak of finely woven flax, tied the gourds under her armpits and waded out until she found herself being lifted by the waves. She struck out boldly, taking her direction from the great island called Iri-iri-Kapua (the Supper of the Clouds) on the edge of the lake behind her. She felt a bird which had escaped from the cage.

Presently the lapping of the waves seemed to drown the sound of the flute. Perhaps a current had carried the sound away from her, but she felt a momentary panic. The darkness pressed on her like a solid wall. She tried to lift herself up to see if the island was close at hand but the darkness closed in on her. She lost her sense of direction. She could not tell in which direction Mokoia lay nor the beach she left. She knew she had swum miles to go and she was afraid. Her arms were tired and the waves seemed to have lost their buoyancy, so that the little waves struck cruelly against her face and she was biting cold. She could hear nothing and she could hear no more the soft measure of the waves which had been her only guide.

HE GAVE A little cry of despair as something brushed against her face. Then with a sob of relief she caught hold of it and held against it. It was a tree trunk floating in the water. As she held closely to it and raised herself a little above the waves,

the wind brought the sound of the flute back to her ears. She pushed away from the log and began to swim steadily towards the music. The gloom had lightened and she could even see the outline of the island, well down on the horizon yet silhouetted against the faint starlight. Sometimes she grew tired and rested, but her panic was over. Once the current carried her away from the island but she swam more strongly and felt the water surging under her. The time passed slowly and the water grew colder. She could feel her arms growing weary but she kept swimming, keeping the vision of her lover before her. Then the music stopped and the only sound was the ceaseless lapping of the waves against her breast. On and on she kept swimming, her whole body becoming numb with the cold. At last she could keep going no longer. She stopped and listened. At first she could hear nothing. Then a tiny sound—a crash and a hiss like a wave falling on the sand and running up the slope of the beach. Another hiss as it carried myriad grains of sand away with it, draining back into the lake. A moment later she felt the ground under her feet.

HALF FROZEN and crying she stumbled up the beach. The cold wind numbed her even more than the lake water. Feeling her way with her hands in front of her, she came upon some rocks. They were warm and she could smell the sulphur-laden steam of a hot pool. Once before she had been on the island and she knew where she was. This was the hot pool of Waikimihia, directly below Tutanekai's whare.

She lowered herself gratefully into the water and felt the warmth soaking into her chilled body.

Now that she had reached her lover's home and the danger of the journey were behind her, she felt shy and reluctant to appear

before him. Her clothes lay miles away on the beach at Owahia. And besides what if someone other than Tutanekai should see this lovely high born maiden. Was she not for Tutanekai alone? Then came the sound of footsteps descending the path toward Waikimihia. In a flash she pulled herself towards the bank and crouched under an overhanging rock.

The footsteps stopped, something dropped into the pool, and she heard the water gurgling into a calabash close by her side. Here was her chance. Disguising her voice, she said in a deep voice, "Where are you taking the water? Who are you?"

The man who was fetching the water started at the voice coming from the darkness.

"I am the slave of Tutanekai. I am taking the water to him." Hinemoa's heart leaped. "Give me the calabash," she said, still pretending to be a man. She spoke so confidently that the slave handed the calabash to her without protest. She put it to her lips and drank. Then, raising her arm, she hurled the empty vessel across the pool so that it smashed against the rocks on the further side.

The slave cried out, half in anger, half in fear, "Why have you done that? That was Tutanekai's calabash."

HINEMOA MADE no reply, but only drew back further into the shadow of the rock. The slave looked carefully over the stones, but could see nothing. "Who are you?" he called shrilly, and when there was no reply he turned and ran up to the whare.

"What is the matter?" exclaimed Tutanekai when he saw the slave's face. "What has happened? Where is the water I told you to bring."

"The calabash is broken."

"Who broke it?"

"The man in the pool."

Tutanekai looked at him closely, "Can you not speak more clearly. Who broke it?"

"The man in the pool," the slave repeated doggedly.

For a moment a hopeful doubt crossed Tutanekai's mind: he thought of going down himself, but he changed his mind. Night after night he had played his flute, but Hinemoa had forgotten. Sadly he turned his face to the wall and said wearily, "Oh, take another calabash and fetch the water."

The slave departed on his errand the second time. He looked round cautiously but there was no sign of any stranger; yet no sooner had he dipped the calabash in the pool than the deep voice called out, "If that water is for Tutanekai, give it to me."

(To be continued)

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Intelligent Analysis of Indian Act By Saskatchewan

The annual meeting of the Union of Saskatchewan Indians was held at Prince Albert, Sask., on the 2nd, 3rd and 4th of August, 1948.

J. B. Tootoosis, the chairman and president, introduced Mr. G. H. Castleden, M.P. for Yorkton, and a member of the Special Joint Committee appointed to study the revision of the Indian Act.

The following points were reviewed by Mr. Castleden:

1. That the Special Joint Committee had recommended to Parliament that a draft bill to revise the Indian Act and a Claims Commission be set up to inquire into all Indian Treaties and an appointment of a Standing Permanent Committee for Indian Affairs be instituted.

2. That the Indians through the organization study the revised draft of the Indian Act before it becomes effective.

3. Mr. Castleden felt that sixty percent of the brief of the Union of Saskatchewan Indians had been considered by a Special Joint Committee to the House of Commons at the last Parliamentary session.

3. It also recommended that the Indians be given self government when equipped to do so.

The following resolutions were adopted unanimously:

That the Federal Government and the Department of Indian Affairs make adequate provision for the diet, to Treaty Indians when game was protected by regulation from hunting either for food or tanning process for the manufacture of clothing.

That the payments of fees and Royalties were contrary to the art-

icles of the Treaty and that the Indian Affairs Branch assume such Royalties and fees on all furs caught by Treaty Indians.

That bi-lingual Indian Field Officers be appointed by the Provincial Government to make conversant with the various provincial laws to the many Natives who fish and trap for subsistence.

The Indian people feel that the British Crown representatives have not fully fulfilled their treaty obligations and that the Union of Saskatchewan Indians demand that the Claims Commission study said treaties in regards to grievances and loss of land by certain Indian tribes.

It was resolved that Mr. Lickers, the Indian lawyer and liaison officer, advise Indians as to when to forward a delegation to Ottawa as it is felt that it would be undemocratic to revise the Indian Act without a proper representative of the Union of Saskatchewan Indians.

The affairs of Indian veterans were being investigated to see that they were accorded equal treatment with white veterans.

Matters of education and medical cases were investigated.

The desirability of Union of Canadian Indians affiliated with those of the U.S.A., Mexico, Central and South America was discussed.

It was explained that the Union has taken no sides on the enfranchisement of Indians.

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Miss Big Canoe Now Miss Elk



Wanda Khitchchemon, whose last name means Big Canoe, was named Miss Elk, 1948, at the millionaire night of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, 392, Toronto, in Columbus Hall. She was crowned by Diddy Ferriman, Miss Toronto, shown with her.

Talked With a Beautiful Indian Princess . . .

By BIG WHITE OWL

One day not so very long ago, when the Indian summer sun was shining, I talked with a beautiful Indian princess. Her name is Wanda Big Canoe. Never before have I had the pleasure to interview such a charming, and so completely refined and lovely Indian maiden. Her alluring personality seemed to me and penetrate into the very core of everything. It is a small wonder that she was crowned "Miss Elk of Toronto 1948."

Wanda Big Canoe is a talented young lady, 19 years of age, graduate of Sutton, Ontario, High School and Northern Vocational School of Toronto. At present she is employed by a Commercial Photography concern. Wanda Big Canoe is very proud of her ancestry and the welfare of the Indian people is rooted deeply in her mind. Indeed she is a worthy representative of the Georgina and Ojibway Indians—and why? Does not the blood of many Indian chieftains run in her veins? Her great-grandfather and grandfather were proud Ojibway chiefs. Miss Big Canoe's father is the present chief of the Georgina Island Indian Reserve which consists of a population of approximately 190 Indians.

GEORGINA ISLAND is about (3) miles wide and six (6) miles long. About thirty of their men saw service in World War No. 2, where they served with distinction. Georgina Island has two satellite islands, Snake Island and Fox Island.

Wanda's father, Chief Charles L.

Big Canoe is a gifted speaker, especially noted for his quick wit and great sense of humor, also a very highly respected leader of his people, an ex-public school teacher, having taught at Caughnawaga Indian Reserve and Christian Island Reserve but now busily and successfully occupied as a tiller of the soil and specializing in raising a fine herd of shorthorn beef cattle for the Canadian and U.S. markets.

MISS WANDA Big Canoe ended this pleasant interview with these carefully chosen words: "I think the greatest needs of the Indian people are better educational opportunities, better medical assistance and attention, better care for the aged and infirm, and a little more co-operation from the Indian people themselves."

Wanda Big Canoe impressed me as a highly intelligent Indian girl, a fine example of what a Canadian Indian can accomplish when given an equal opportunity with their white brethren. . . . God bless you, Wanda!

I Have Spoken.

OUR MAIL BOX

Write to The VOICE any News of Interest in your District, etc.

CHIEF MAKING

Gurneyville.

Editor, Native Voice:

In the mail box of the October issue of the Native Voice there was a letter the writer of which I want to thank most heartily, for it sure hit me in the right place. The letter deals with "Chief Making" and I would like to add my little bit to this most interesting topic.

It is tragic and sometimes amusing how the term chief has been misplaced and abused. In the eyes of a certain class of white people any Redskin is a chief so long as he wears a feather hat and can dance to beat all outside, and, of course, the poor fellow falls for it. The belief also that each and every one of our numerous dances is a formal rite is false. The majority if not all of our Cree Indian so-called ceremonies are simply dances, feasts and nothing else; who, then, would ever believe that dancing would bring down blessings from the Great Spirit?

For the purpose of defining the term and true meaning of Indian Chief, I crave pardon if I may use my own family for illustration.

My father was a chief, duly elected by the Band he led for so many years. He was blessed with a fair share of this world's goods—cattle, horses, and a good home; his house was a free stopping place for all. We butchered at least four head of cattle every year to help feed the hungry. During the spring work, haymaking time, and fall harvest, one of us boys went around the reserve with a team of horses and outfit helping others with their work.

Dad was expected by the authorities to set a good example to his followers, hence he never indulged in intoxicants of any kind, he was never known to swear, we never heard him use a cross word to Mother, he drove six miles to church every Sunday. He was called upon to settle disputes, family rows, to plead for destitutes, giving of his own time and money to these and the ailing. He helped to build up homes, hauled in supplies, etc. The chief sometimes had to go a distance of sixty miles to the Indian Agent's headquarters to have matters dealing with the Band straightened out; in fact his was a full time job. The grand total of his salary per annum for all he tried to do, plus the responsibility placed upon his shoulders was twenty-five dollars (\$25.00)—this included his own treaty money. Other chiefs have done as much and more with never a thought for personal gain. They were men whom we loved and respected, men who upheld the Indian tradition of sacrificing all if needs be for the good that they could do, and like only the most heroic of our ancestors deserved to wear the hat of eagle-plumes.

How, then, can we Indians of today, for the simple reason of lending color to a pow-wow, or for publicity's sake, be so imprudent in dishing out at random the title of Indian Chief? Is it one way of admitting inability to uphold our former pride, that we have deliberately destroyed our heritage and noble traditions? Yes, even the little respect that we could expect from the White Man?

In conclusion may I add that my brother the White Man, in his love for money, would certainly hesitate

OFFERS DEEP THANKS

Prince Rupert, B.C.

Dear "Native Voice":

This is the "Wilkins Family" speaking from Prince Rupert. We would like to make use of your columns to send a word of greeting and appreciation to some who have shown their friendship during the past few weeks since our terrifying Egg Island experience.

No one who has not passed through such a time can really understand what it meant to us to find ourselves in the warmth, shelter and kindness of the Bella Bella Hospital. Dr. Darby's personal interest and kindness, as well as that of his excellent staff, will not soon be forgotten.

While at Bella Bella the people of the village took up a subscription to help replace our personal belongings, all of which were lost when the lighthouse was swept away. It is difficult to express in words what this meant to us, not so much in the gift of material things though that was much appreciated, but the fact that our native brothers and sisters had it in their hearts to do this, touched a deep place in our hearts.

And so, we thank our God for His deliverance, and the kindness which has been shown to us through the many whose hearts He has touched on our behalf.

Yours sincerely,

"The Wilkins Family."

THANKFUL FOR TEACHERS

Old Massett, B.C.

Editor, Native Voice:

We, the people of Old Massett, are very fortunate to have three teachers this winter.

Also we are thankful to see the principal, Mr. F. Dey, and the teachers, Miss Coleman and Miss Freeman, taking keen interest in educating our children.

And I might say that through their efforts our children are looking forward to a better and happier Christmas season.

Principal Mr. Dey has appointed a committee for the Christmas school concert and Xmas tree. The committee are Mrs. Roy Collison, Mrs. Augustus Wilson, Mrs. Rufus Abraham, Mrs. Cecil Brown, Miss Madeline Jones, Thos. Smith, Eli Jones.

The committee promoted a dance and coffee sale and have raised \$230.00 which will go towards the expense of the concert and the Xmas tree.

It has been planned by the committee that the school children will have their program before distributing the presents and then the St. John's Church Choir and the Massett Concert Band will take over the program.

During the intermission the presents will be distributed by Santa Claus, and finally refreshments will be served to all children and adults as well.

The date for this very special occasion is set for Dec. 17th.

S. JONES.

to accept the title of Indian Chief with all it stands for if he had to depend on his own resources only, and twenty dollars (\$20.00) per year for a full time job.

Ekosi.

TOUSSAINT DION.

"The Lake Will Listen and Understand"

By BIG WHITE OWL

This little legend is written for the many people who have not seen the beautiful and wonderful great lakes of Canada. Those great bodies of sky blue waters which are so thrillingly immense, so utterly unforgettable, and sometimes so profoundly terrifying. Those wide blue waters, those miniature seas, seem to possess some sort of unknown power which casts forth a strange kind of hypnotic spell, and often captures the mind and body of mortal man to elevate his being right into the secret recesses of the spirit world. Yes, the GREAT SPIRIT has endowed each one of these mighty inland waters with incalculable and incomprehensible mysteries.

Indeed, a wide blue lake can, sometimes, be very much like a man. It can and it does, possess many moods and virtues. It can be wild and so furiously angry. It can be monstrously revengeful and cruel. It can also be gay and happy. It can swing and sway and sing and play. And it can be very lazy, slow, and sleepy. It can also be very kindly and so friendly to man and beast alike. . . . And sometimes, in the hour of its loneliness, in its despair, it moans and it suffers, and it cries alone!

SO VERY FEW PEOPLE have ever tried to really understand and make friends with the lonesome spirit of the lake. To most everyone, it is just a huge body of fresh blue water and nothing more. . . . Often men abuse it and deliberate-

ly taint its majestic beauty. Yet, in spite of all this abuse, if a lonely one should wander along the shrine of its glistening shore—if a man or a woman should appear before the sacred altar of the sky blue water, to find peace and do penance, "the lake will listen and understand." Yes, the spirit of the lake will rise from the depths to speak to them, to comfort them, to cheer them, and guide their faltering footsteps, once more, along the clean and good pathway. Never does it lead them farther astray—if they will but heed and listen. Truly, I do believe our Kitchi Manitou (Great Spirit) can speak to us, poor and wayward mortals that we are, through the magic voice of the whispering waves.

Not so very long ago, when the cares of the world were laden heavily upon my shoulders, I stood alone by the shore of beautiful Lake Ontario. I watched the careless waves as they leaped and danced and splashed all around me. And it seemed to me as if they were fighting a losing battle as they desperately, and relentlessly, lashed out against the intrusive march of time. I stood there, in a super-trance, I know not how long? Then it happened! Suddenly every dashing, leaping, crested wave seemed to me like some long forgotten Indian Brave. I heard the distant drone of the deer hide drum. I saw a mighty cavalcade take form. And many thousand thrilling war cries filled the truculent air. I heard the twang of the bow string and the whirr of the arrow true. And the mournful dirge of the Medicine-Man came flying to me on wings of song. And out of the great void came the frightful wall of many dying men. The weird tune of their haunting death songs came floating eerily upon the wild crescendo of the wind. . . . I shivered with great excitement!

And lo, at long last, I heard a still small voice saying: "O Death Where Is Thy Sting? O Grave Where Thy Victory?" Then, the strange vision melted before my very eyes. I saw only treacherous waters, foaming, writhing, screaming in fury, at the biting and lashing winds. . . . With a smile and with a thankful heart I turned away to go, happier and just a little bit wiser—I had communed, once more, with the Creator and the Maker of my visions and dreams!

I Have Spoken!

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Art and Crafts

Paitsnauk, The Peacemaker

(As told by Isaac Jacobs)

From time immemorial until shortly after the coming of the "Whylaytun" (Squamish for "paleface") to this part of the country, the Salishan tribes of British Columbia and Washington States coasts, and the Yuquilttech (Yucultas) of the north had been deadly enemies and had made frequent raids on one another. Both peoples suffered heavy losses.

Each raid added coal to the flames of hate between the two peoples and if any of their more thoughtful leaders and members ever had previously considered the senselessness of their continuing feuds and losses caused them through resultant raids, their respective chiefs and leaders never had an opportunity to council together where they could arrive at some understanding.

The tribes, although their languages were entirely foreign to each other, had several things in common, such as social customs, tribal myths and legends. Among themselves, and with peaceful strangers and travellers their natural hospitality and kindness was unequalled in sincerity and certainty at variance with their erratic feudal behaviour with other language groups of the coast and the interior Salishan and Kootenay tribes.

shores, they stopped; blankets were strung along the beach, guns were going off, arrows pierced the air and war was in the air—but it was mock war. But when the canoes beached, the blankets were parted and the leaders greeted the Squamish in friendliness—there were to be no more fights. All weapons were dropped. The greatest warriors of the tribe passed his weapons to the opposite tribe, to show that they would be used no more for warfare.

After the Potlatch there was no more warfare. No more coming down and no more going up to war on other tribes. They were all good friends. Paitsnauk is remembered to this day as The Peacemaker.

ARTS IN OUR TOWN

During "Arts in Our Town" week at the Art Gallery, many visitors saw for the first time our native crafts in the process of manufacture.

On Wednesday afternoon and Friday evening, under the convenership of Mary Sieburth (Mrs. H. C.), five of our women brought their handicrafts to the gallery and demonstrated their art.

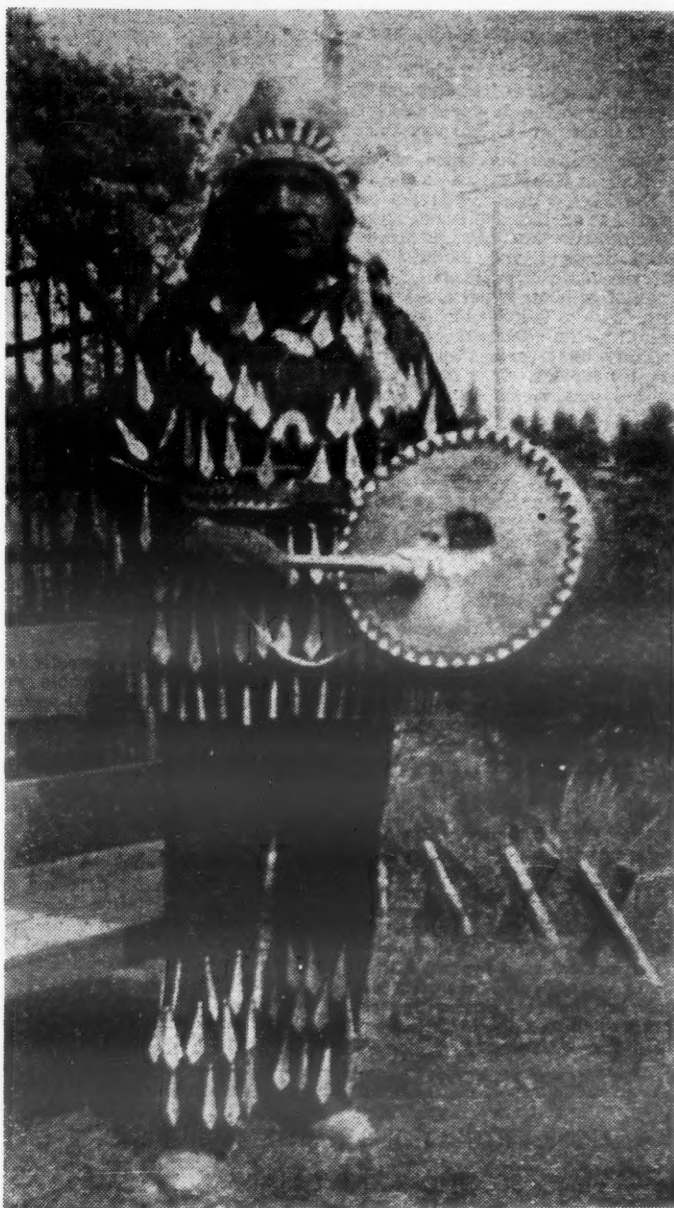
Mrs. Marion John Williams (Swathchalya), who is around 90 years of age, was very queenly and dignified as she plied the ancient craft of finger weaving in tumpline bands. She has quite a few for sale in various designs, and anyone wishing to have further information about these may write to the convener.

Mrs. Molly John, Swathchalya's daughter-in-law, was making baskets, both women are of the Squamish Tribe.

Mrs. Annie Wilson, a Haida Chieftain's daughter from Massett, was cleverly beading gloves and moccasins. Mrs. Ellen Neel, young native carver from Alert Bay was busy with a modern carving, taking time out from the strenuous task of carving the Thunderbird Totem designated for the University of British Columbia. Ellen belongs to the Kwakiutl Tribe and is a granddaughter of the famous carver Yakuglas, Charlie James. Mrs. Jessie Miranda from Nanaimo was knitting a Cowichan sweater for which her people are renowned. She drew quite a bit of attention from the onlookers.

The background for this busy group was appropriately set with native handicrafts. An old time spinning whorl and spindle, also loom with blanket set up had been kindly loaned from the Provincial Museum.

Many of the visitors felt that the Art Gallery was a fitting setting for the display and demonstration of our native arts and crafts, and the Junior League in conjunction with the Community Arts Council are to be commended for sponsoring this worthwhile exhibition.



Isaac Jacobs in his colorful dance costume whose story brings to life rich history of another era. He tells how the wisdom of his ancestor Chief Paisnauk brought peace to warring tribesmen many years ago.

Raley Collection Finds Home at U.B.C.

by George Clutesi.

The Raley collection of rare and beautiful Indian relics has found a home in the new Museum of the University of British Columbia. Many who are familiar with the widely varied baskets, the designed paddles, model canoes, carved ceremonial dishes, slate totems and spoons, and the prized stone implements of this collection will be gratified that it has found a worthy setting.

The museum in the new wing of the University with its brand newness, its space, show cases and just-right lighting is certainly that, a worthy setting. The pieces are now being tastefully arranged and catalogued.

Though the Indian collection occupies by far the major space, there are very interesting displays of Eskimo sealskin suits and some Eskimo handicraft. One case displays African culture. And one entire wall of the museum forms the proud background for paintings

The Raley collection had its beginning in 1893, and many items are now irreplaceable. Until Dr. G. H. Raley's retirement as principal of Coqualeetza Residential School in 1934, the collection seemingly settled itself on either side of the entrance to the assembly hall and was always a source of attraction to the visitor as he first stepped into the building by the main entrance.

From 1936 to 1946, Dr. Raley voluntarily displayed the relics at the City Hall, where thousands of people visited, including Princess Juliana, now Queen of Holland; Lily Pons, actors, and many others who all signed their names in the Visitors' Book.

The preservation of the highly developed art and craft of the early days has, and will, prove invaluable.

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Morgan Family Achievements

From the village of Kitwanga comes Judith Morgan who has a name in the art world. Richard Morgan invaded the athletic field here in Vancouver last July 1st by competing in the Olympic trials in the 15 metre dash, finishing third.

After visiting the home of the Morgans at Kitwanga on the banks of the Skeena River, you are not surprised at the achievements of the children. Mr. Morgan himself is an accomplished violinist and his rare violin is worth many thousands of dollars. A painting on the wall, like a magnet, draws your attention—the colors, the artistry—but on closer inspection you see the silk threads. It is not a painting but magnificent needle work.

Another Morgan, Ray, who is a returned soldier, is also an artist. He specializes in carving. Home made furniture carved from selected grained woods at Ray's home would be the envy of many. Mrs. Ray Morgan, a Scottish lass, specializes in the art of preserving mountain berries and makes the most appetizing jellies.

Yet another boy of the same family at an early age carved the Eagle, the family crest. At the top of the totem pole facing the north is the eagle with spread wings as though ready to challenge the elements

REVIEW

Our selection for "must" reading. **INDIANS OF TODAY**—by Marion E. Gridley, published by Millar Publishing Co., Chicago, Ill. Price \$3.00, plus postage.

This volume, consisting as it does, of a series of biographical sketches will leave no doubt in the reader's mind of the capacity of Indians to achieve results and reach the peak of their chosen field in the face of insurmountable difficulties.

It records the achievements of men and women who all started life much as we have, one cannot help feeling proud of these people and having thought that—could I do this?

Many names will be familiar to our readers, among them—to name a few—Jim Thorpe, the great Indian athlete called by many the "greatest football player that ever lived"; Brigadier-General O. M. Martin (Mohawk-Canada) — Ruth M. Bronson, author—Mobley Lushanya, concert singer . . .

We regret that lack of space does not permit of the mention of more names.

However, we expect in the near future to have some of these biographical sketches together with their pictures.

The author is to be greatly commended for the admirable compilation and we trust that as many as possible will secure this very readable book.

There They in Peace Do Lie

Upon those lofty crags which crown the North Saskatchewan River's bank,

Above the stream where rocks and boulders vie;

And on a mound high high away from muskies foul and dank,

The bodies of departed Indians lie.

No more will they the evening campfires tend,

Or fashion shafts to fit to bow.

No more will they their arrows send

The heart to pierce of frenzied foe.

In some secluded spot where Indians camp,

Hidden from the white man's prying eye;

Beating of tribal drums, the steady stamp

Of feet proclaims that night is drawing nigh.

There midst the valleys, trees and dells,

Nurtured and raised on nature's bounteous fare;

And lulled to sleep by many tinkling bells,

The sleep of peace they sleep without a care.

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Notice

Mr. Ed. Nahaney, Business Agent of the Native Brotherhood, and Ed. N. Bolton, Northern District Vice-President, recently paid a visit to Kitwanga where they were tendered a banquet by the Brotherhood of that district.

As our space is limited in this issue we will give complete details of the very interesting report submitted by Mr. Nahaney in our next issue.

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL

P.O. Box 688,

Alberni, B.C.

Editor, Native Voice:

Your notice to hand re my subscription to the Native Voice, and many thanks for it as I do enjoy the reading of what's what and who's who of my native land. Here are my best wishes to all who do their part. May we never abolish our name. Merry Christmas to all.
ROBT. L. GEORGE

★ CONGRATULATIONS to THE NATIVE VOICE on its SECOND ANNIVERSARY . . . May you continue to carry on your good work for many years to come.



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PROTECTION OF WATER RIGHTS GREAT CONCERN OF B.C. INTERIOR

In 1944 The Vancouver Sun published an editorial titled "Wasted Assets," criticizing the "waste" conditions on Indian reserves and urged the selling of land not under cultivation. In many parts of British Columbia envious glances are cast on Indian Reserves today. But the Penticton and Westbank reserves are taking the hardest raps as a result of this editorial.

The Penticton "cut-off" (which is a section of land cut off from the Reserve land by the Royal Commission in 1913 deemed as land necessary to the Indian people) being spoken for by Penticton residents. The proceeds of the sale of such land is divided in two, one going to Band Funds, the other to the Provincial Treasury. The Provincial Government controls the sale of cut-off area on the reserve, with the Indian Department overseeing that the sale is just.

Penticton vets have been urged for a period of months through specially featured articles and Editorials in the Penticton Herald to make application for the cut-off of the Penticton Reserve, consisting of 800 acres and termed "the West Bench." To date nearly all the acreage has been spoken for after much coaxing through the Herald. Each claim filed speaks for 10 acres and many applications have been filed by veterans of World War I.

THIS WEST BENCH has no particular value without water and in order to irrigate this cut-off, water would have to be supplied by the Shatford and Shingle Creeks which

run through the Penticton Reserve and forms the natural supply of water.

Surveyors are now on the ground and action is not likely until such time as all surveys have been completed and full plan and estimated cost drawn up.

FOR THE GOOD of our people on this reserve, the very important question looms much to the fore. Who assumes legal ownership of the damsite and the right to allocate water? Mr. Maurice Finnerty, President of the Penticton branch of the Canadian Legion says "an effective damsite could be placed just below the junction of Shatford and Shingle Creeks, which could store 2700 acre feet. This could provide 2½ acre feet to the 800 acres on the West Bench, with a 700 acre feet reserve."

But Mr. Finnerty omitted to state, and this is important, how many acre feet have or will be allocated to the Indians for their use and is the stipulated quantity sufficient for their needs both present and future?

We quote from a letter by Albert Millar of Oliver, who has followed

the question carefully through and who has taken up the cudgel for our people on the grounds that "as wards of the government in the fullest sense of the word, our Indians are unable to protest or defend themselves." He says:

"Another point of importance: will the Indians' allocation of water have priority rights over the 800 acres intended to be developed in years of possible short supply? This priority should be specially guaranteed because the Indians have been domiciled on the reserve for generations, whereas the West Bench is a new project. Unless this is the case and unless the Indian can be guaranteed an adequate water supply all the year round, it is possible they will eventually be 'starved' off the reservation.

"Also it should be made clear what recompense the Indian Band is to receive direct for lands flooded, for 'rights of way' across the reserve for the main canal and road allowance, as also for any damage or losses occurring during construction or at some future time.

"The question of depriving Indians of land and water has been one of the main complaints conveyed to the Special Joint Committee."

"There should be a very definite undertaking that the Indian shall in no way, either now or in the future, suffer from the proposed impounding of their natural water supply."

The Department of Indian Affairs has in its power to safeguard these interests and assurance has been made by the Department that such will be the case.

JOHN LAURIE RECOVERING
General Hospt., Calgary,
Nov. 23, 1948.

Editor, the Native Voice.

Dear Mrs. Smith:

I am happy to say that I am now able to write my News from Alberta instead of dictating it. While I am still a very long way from being well again, I have actually made splendid progress. My doctors allow me to get up daily and, with the nurse's help, to try walking a short distance.

From what I hear, few really expected me to survive the initial attack but here I am, getting back on my feet.

Letters and flowers have poured in from every direction wishing me well. Flowers do help brighten the bare walls of a ward. I am especially grateful to the ladies of the Sarcee Reserve Red Cross Group, to the members of the Blood Local, I.A.A., to Chief and Mrs. Hunter, to Chief and Mrs. Crowchild, and Edwin Crane for their gifts of flowers.

I have some hopes of being allowed to leave the hospital the first week in December for home convalescence. But when I shall be able to go back to work is another matter, and a rather serious problem too.

Officials of the Indian Affairs Branch have been most thoughtful and courteous, and have helped to make the hours pass more pleasantly.

I certainly appreciate, and am most grateful for, the kind wishes of the Native Voice, and of the Native Brotherhood of British Columbia expressed in the last issue.

Should you wish to use this letter to advise those interested of my almost miraculous comeback, please do so.

Yours sincerely,
JOHN LAURIE.

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News from Alberta

Federal and Provincial Governments Clash on Fish Conservation

Every year it is more evident that unless some agreement can be reached between the Federal and Provincial governments restricting the ruthless wasting of fish in our northern lakes by provincial policies, many Indians will find themselves deprived of their last source of food. In the north, conditions are often such that no other source of food is available, but our provincial government completely lacks any fish conservation policy of a serious nature. The whitefish will soon be as rare as the buffalo. We cite Lac La Biche, Lesser Slave Lake, Lac St. Anne as examples.

The new Community Hall at the Blood Reserve is fast nearing completion. This project was one of the first objectives of the I.A.A. Locals on that Reserve. The boys hope to have it in use by the end of the year.

Dr. E. L. Stone has informed the Secretary that the three projected nursing stations at Driftpile, Hobbema and Saddle Lake will be in use by the spring. In spite of shortages, rising costs and the reluctance of contractors to go out on country jobs, these very essential semi-hospitals are going ahead. The I.A.A. has consistently worked for these, especially at Hobbema.

Gordon Crowchild, son of Chief David Crowchild of Sarcee, has joined the staff of the Indian Affairs Branch. Gordon is a clerk at the Sarcee Agency, and, as far as we know, is the first Treaty Indian in Alberta to join the service as a clerk. Gordon was educated at Edmonton Residential School, Sarcee day school, and Balmoral Junior High School in Calgary. Gordon is well qualified for such a position and we wish him every success in his new career.

It is reported that a new "wild cat" oil well will be drilled on the Winterburn Reserve. Let's hope this one is a gusher, and not a duster.

Among the many visitors to the Calgary General Hospital, where John Laurier is making good progress towards health, are President Johnny Callihoo, Ed. Hunter, Chief Enos and Mrs. Hunter, Mr. and Mrs. George McLean, Councillor Edward Onespot, Edwin and Leonard Crane, Chief David and Mrs. Crowchild and family. Chief and Mrs. Crowchild have been almost daily visitors.

It is reported that the Charles Camsell Indian Hospital at Edmonton is full up. The I.A.A. fought hard to get such an institution established and consistently supported our Health Superintendent, Dr. E. L. Stone, and the Director and Staff of the Hospital in the effort to reduce and eventually

stamp out tuberculosis. Every I.A.A. member must do his best to boost Dr. Stone's Health Program.

The dry fall weather led the Provincial Department of Lands and Mines to close the Bow River Forest Reserve. This has proved quite a handicap to the squirrel-hunters of the Morley Reserve. Some families are badly in need of the revenue from this source.

We are pleased to note that three young ladies from the Saddle Lake and Goodfish Lake Reserves are again in attendance at Alberta College, Edmonton. They are the Misses Steinhauer and Seenum. One might recall the splendid record of the Steinhauer family since a young Indian missionary, Rev. Henry Steinhauer, came to Alberta nearly 100 years ago; this family has contributed missionaries, teachers, veterans of two wars, chiefs, and top-rank farmers; probably no family in Western Canada has such a record of distinguished service by instruction and example, to the Indian people of Alberta.

Floyd Fox of the Blood Reserve is attending the Institute of Technology and Art at Calgary, studying motor mechanics.

The Council and Membership of the I.A.A. deeply regret the passing of Mrs. Mark Crowchild, Nov. 22nd, at her home on the Sarcee Reserve. Mrs. Crowchild was one of the few remaining links with pre-Treaty days. She had witnessed, therefore, the complete change in the mode of life among the Plains people. Mrs. Crowchild, with her husband, the late Mark Crowchild, had always been progressively minded, and of late years had been a strong believer in the Indian Association of Alberta. She was closely related to the line of Sarcee Chiefs who have guided the destinies of the Sarcees since her ancestor, Chief Bull Head, signed Treaty No. 7 at Blackfoot Crossing, in 1877. She is survived by two sons, Mr. Bertie Crowchild and Chief David Crowchild, and three daughters. A staunch Anglican by faith, Mrs. Crowchild had taken an active interest in church activities and in the Red Cross Society. One grandson, Harold, served overseas in World War 2, and another, Gor-

don, has recently joined the Indian service. To Chief David Crowchild, his family, his brother and sisters, the I.A.A. extends its sympathy.

Councillor George Runner of Sarcee Reserve, accompanied the supporters of the Calgary Stampede, Western Rugby Champions, on the special train leaving Calgary Nov. 23.

Owing to the death of his mother,

Chief David Crowchild, director I.A.A., Sarcee Reserve, was unable to go to Toronto on the special Stampede train. However, yielding to strong pressure, the Chief left Calgary by plane for Toronto Nov. 26. He is the first Alberta Treaty Indian to make such a flight. Both Chief Crowchild and Mr. Runner are taking part in the western display at the Royal York Hotel, before the Stampede-Rugby Rider game.

JOHN LAURIE

The Canadian Folk Society (Vancouver Branch)

Sends congratulations to The Native Voice on its Second Anniversary.

Best Christmas Wishes and great Prosperity in the coming New Year.

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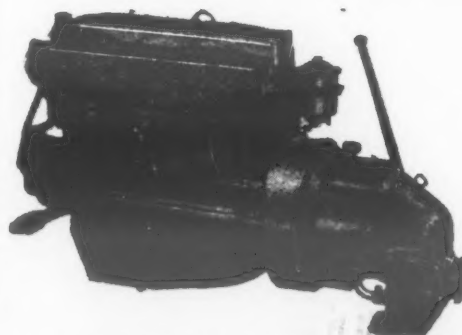
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Encouraging

are greatly enjoying our of "The Native Voice," and that it is fulfilling a long felt in the lives of the Indian and is very interesting to many friends.

Sept. 1st, Mr. Glover re- the Ucluelet Indian Day which had been closed for years, and a good deal of re- ing is needed.

allowe'en party was held in school when the children and friends enjoyed games and amments.

ladies of the village are preparing for a bazaar to be early in December, the pro- of which are to be used for children's Christmas party. ing that these few items of interest to you and with est wishes,

MRS. J. B. GLOVER.

Good Wishes for a light and Successful Fu- re, from—

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What of Cohoes In Cowichan Bay?

What is the present condition and future prospect for Cohoe fishing in the Cowichan waters?

There have been many reports of a scarcity of fish and it seems apparent that few salmon have been seen jumping at Cowichan Bay during the season.

There may be many explanations such as weather, etc., but on the other hand it is possible that something out of the ordinary may have to be done to secure an increase in the numbers of salmon in these waters.

It is certain that without a planned reforestation program our many small streams cannot stay in existence and without these streams and creeks the Cohoe fingerlings, which often remain in the streams for a year until they reach salt water, cannot survive.

One thing is certain, and that is that the situation requires immediate consideration and it is hoped that the Cowichan Fish and Game Association, along with other interested groups, will insist on a long range program that will keep Cowichan Bay to the fore as a game fishing paradise.

TEEN AGERS BUSINESSLIKE By BILL FREEMAN

Recently while on a visit to Bella Bella, meeting place of the Central District, it was my good fortune to observe on the sidelines the re-election of officials of this group. The orderly and businesslike procedure of the young people was a pleasant surprise. The group was formed in Namu last summer.

Membership fee is 50 cents, total amounting to \$8.00. A donation of \$5.00 was made by Eunice Hendricks and a donation was received from Paul Mason of Kitkatla.

The Constitution drawn up is as follows: To attend all meetings, be present at all activities. To carry out duties, to render assistance at all times, always striving to be a good standing member. To be on time at rehearsals—to use proper words only. To keep away from bad company, to strive to form good habits, to honor and please each other. To honor the laws of the village, to accept sound advice of elders and try to set good examples for others. To adhere strictly to early hours.

The above are still subject to amendment and was tabled till the next meeting.

A hymn was sung by the group and a prayer offered, followed by the reading of the 23rd Psalm.

A vow by the new officials was taken: "I promise not to overlook my duties."

A most inspiring address was made by William Freeman in which he told the young men their chance for a brighter day is dawning, paved by their fathers and mothers, and his urgent hope was that they would continue in that way.

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MENTS OF THE SEASON TO ALL!

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